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good as possible,—by providing both, as it were, a medium in which it can come into existence and flourish, and also the special means necessary in particular cases. And this seems so even when we take into account the harm which may result to individuals and the community (in other ways than individual enervation and deprivation) from such an expenditure. Where there is great wealth, making possible a high degree of general cultivation and refinement, it seems that a certain amount of waste (and worse than waste) expenditure is inevitable, and perhaps a certain amount of admiration for mere luxury. If, when the loss of happiness produced by luxury is weighed against the gain, the former is found to preponderate, luxury of such kind and degree is to be condemned. But if the luxury of individuals brings on the whole a gain to the community, such luxury is not to be condemned. In fact, to put the matter paradoxically, luxury is only desirable when it is not luxury.

E. E. C. JONES.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE; OR, AN EPOCH OF REST, being some chapters from a Utopian Romance, by William Morris. London, Reeves and Turner, 1891.

There is a very prevalent feeling, though it may not often be formulated, that if there were no deliberate wickedness, no grinding poverty, no grim struggle for existence in the world, life would not be worth living. This is a profoundly pessimistic creed if held with philosophical self-consciousness, for it introduces into every attempt to ameliorate the conditions of life a silent reserve to the effect that real and complete successes would be an unparalleled disaster. "Sin and misery will last my time, so I need not fear to strike at them with all my force" must be the motto of the reformer who believes that together with sin and misery the zest of life would depart; and it need not be shown how such a mental reservation reduces the most earnest forms of human activity to a mere game in which, while ever struggling to win, we never wish to have conclusively won.

Any man, therefore, who succeeds in showing us a life in and for itself worth living, as the ideal result and outcome of all our toil and strife, is conferring a real and practical benefit not only of high, but perhaps of the very highest order, upon his fellows. It is a blind instinct, rather than a true self-direction, that determines our efforts to "raise" ourselves and others, if we have no clear conception of a supremely worthy life to which we are to be raised. Now the great defect of Bellamy's "Looking Backward"—speaking of it merely as a vision, and apart from the weakness of its economic basis—was that his life of the future seemed pedantic, stilted, and uninteresting. It was in vain for the author to assure us that it was not so, but was in fact the precise opposite of all this. He had not the power of making us feel with him. So at least many of his readers found. But Morris has succeeded where Bellamy failed.

We see nothing of the machinery of industry in "Nowhere," and we gather that there is no government. The perfect and delightful order that reigns appears to be the order of anarchy rather than of socialism. Everything is spontaneous and unregulated, but everything is harmonious. There is a perfectly delicious absence of affectation and pedantry about the idyllic figures that cover Mr. Morris's canvas. Some of them are commonplace enough. One at least—Ellen—is a creation. But in their degree they all love the earth, love their art,

love each other, find life supremely interesting,—in a word, *live*. Actions are judged right or wrong, but on their own merits, not by convention. Love, like everything else, is “free.” But Mr. Morris on the whole, though here he is not very explicit, presents a Teutonic rather than a Hellenic ideal of the relations of the sexes. Rivalry in love is nearly the only source of violent disturbance left in the society of “Nowhere.” It is the chief source of disappointment and sorrow too; but no one thinks it his duty to nurse his unhappiness or pretend to himself that he is unhappier than he is.

A passionate love of nature is the keynote of “Nowhere,” and many readers may be partly convinced by it that life would be more than endurable without misery, without smoke, without competition, without drudgery, without enterprise, without pedantry, and without conventions. Can we reach such a state by Trafalgar Square meetings, and could we preserve it without stern self-discipline? Morris seems almost inclined to say, yes, to both these questions. “O sancta simplicitas!” we cry. He himself has said elsewhere—I quote from memory—

“And into stern resolve this longing chill
If thou would’st be God-loved and conquering still.”

But he who has waked a longing for beauty and for true rest has already done well, even if he does no more.

P. H. WICKSTEED.

DE L’IDEAL. Etude Philosophique par A. Ricardou, Professeur au Lycée Charlemagne, etc.

This book is an able and careful attempt to characterize and vindicate the reality of the perfection realizable by a human being. The presuppositions of the author are evidently the following: 1. A form of Platonic Idealism consisting in a belief in certain ideal forms, such as the Beautiful, the Good, Essence, etc. 2. The reality of personality as testified by consciousness, and this in spite of the objections raised by the sceptic or the materialist. 3. A recognition of the facts of natural science with a critical mistrust of its generalizations. The aim of the book is not to “erect a notion of the spirit as a sort of transcendental reality,” but simply to compare “the different characteristics of which the human individual is a synthesis,” in order to show that some of these are “proper and essential” to it.

The Ideal is the progressive conception under a determinate form of the best possible for man. Although conceding that the best possible is for us only an idea, M. Ricardou seeks to show by an analysis of reality that it is not only a reality for the moral man but actually the highest form of reality. He sets forth then the characteristics, the formation, and the objective validity of the moral ideal as he understands it; and his treatment, it seems to me, evinces philosophical grasp and knowledge guided by a high and sure moral insight. His starting from the ideal as a basis of conduct is only part of his conviction that, notwithstanding what satirists, sceptics, and men of the world say, ideas are really motive forces to men, and in the last resort, to men as rational beings, really the supreme motive forces; and that an idealism is the only possible basis